

Diluvium Lachrymarum.

A
R E V I E W
OF THE
Fortunate & Unfortunate
ADVENTURERS.

A
Satyr in Burlesque

Upon the FAMOUS
LOTTERY,

Set up in
FREEMAN'S-YARD in CORN-HILL.

Te colimus Fortuna Deam —

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A

REVIEW

OF THE

Fortunate and Unfortunate, &c.

IN *Freemans-Yard*, the Heart of City,
The Scene of our ensuing Ditty,
Was late set up a *Lott'ry* Famous,
To please some Wife, some Ignoramus.

By dint of wondrous Expectation,
That sweetest mortal Titillation,
No less than Fifty Thousand Tools,
A jolly Crew of gaping Fools ;
Of all Degrees, and of all Ages,
Up from young Fops to grave old Sages :
All Compounds too, or Course or Gay,
That e're were made of *Adams* Clay ;
Diana, *Venus*, Fair or Fowl ,
And Jug and Madam, Cheeg by Joule :
Ermine and Vermine, Rags and Scarlets,
Promiscuous all, both Lords and Varlets,
Gitts Sons, and the Court Sires that got'em ;
All Merchant-Venturers in one Bottom.
The old Ark ne're was better fill'd,
That clean, unclean, all Cattle held :
'Twas here all Voices, strong or Feeble,
All Tongues, all Pipes from Base to Trebble ,

Roarers

Roarers or Wheelers, Squeakers, Grunters ;
 Joyn'd in full Cry for *Fortune-Hunters*.

Our Theatre this Pride may Vapor,
 'Twas once a School for Jigg and Caper :
 Fit Scene our Fortunes Stage t' advance ;
 For all that Win, I am sure, may Dance.
 Here on erected Council-Board,
 Like *Bessus's* Brothers of the Sword,
 Sit the grand Oracles to disjoynt
 The Blank, Prize, soft or knotty point.
 Rank'd by Groom-Porter *Mussulman*,
 The *Musli* of this great *Divan* ;
 With Hospital sweet Youths up-listed,
 Young Lambs with Innocence well gifted ;
 Who little Ganymedes sit ready ;
 Fit hands to hold our Scales more steddly.

But, ere we come to th' grand Decision,
 First let's prepare for dazling Vision.
 Up in a proud Balcone above,
 The Orb of Beauty and of Love,
 Behold a Gaudy Troop Divine,
 In glorious Constellation Shine ;
 Stars with their several Beams indu'd,
 Of First or Second Magnitude.
 Nor come they here, so Blithe and Gay,
 With killing Eyes to wound and slay,
 Their common work of every Day ;
 No, they have more important matters,
 Not only idle bare Spectators,

But Int'refs'd-parties: not to wrong 'em;
 Whole hundred warring mouths among 'em;
 Fair Rivals all for the great Prize,
 The Sexes Darling, Bulk and size:
 Like the fair Candidates of Old
 For *Paris* glitt'ring Ball of Gold.
 And well their flattering hopes they build:
 For what 'gainst Beauties Charms can shield
 Our Deity is not so blind,
 But to that Sex she must be kind.

Here a young Beauty weary grown
 Of Charriot and Two Steeds alone;
 Both home-bred Palfreys too, courie Ware,
 Too poor to bear a load so fair;
 A prouder Rich Great Coach to fix,
 Wants thousands Three for *Flanders* Six.
 Another Maiden Dame, most Trim,
 With Oyle in Virgin Lamp full Brim,
 To have and hold for Charms t' invite,
 And wed an honest Brawny Knight;
 Wants just that Sum her Lamp to light.

A Third of Constitution tender,
 Of the same melting Female Gender,
 In Purle and Beauty somewhat low,
 Wants that Sum too, to keep a Beau.

A bouncing City Dame stood by,
 And vow'd, with turn'd up white of Eye,
 Were the Lot hers, how fine, dear Joy,
 She'll dress her Eldest prentice Boy;

Buy him a galloping Pad-nag Scowrer,
To ride to *Epsome* down before her.

Another Buxom City Matron,
Who for a Boy had taken Pattern
From Nerve and Brawn to help her need,
And mend her spiny City Breed ;
If Fortune her dear Lot would Crown ,
Her Spark at 't'other end of Town,
(By *Venus* and by *Mars* she swore)
Dear Rogue, should trayl a Pike no more.
No ; by her troth, whate're it cost,
She'll mount him to a higher Post.
But oh, what tickling hopes she's wrapt in,
To see Lot rise to make a Captain.

From the Balcone you might behold ye,
The Region of the Fair, I told ye,
A *Phil de Chambre* ogle down,
Perkt in her Ladies cast-off Gown.
Oh, if the great Prize would but hit her,
Lord ! what a Husband she should get her :
No less than Squire , her Masters Son,
A Conquest that her Charms have won :
In Love's soft Chains she has him fast ;
For oh, what amorous looks he' has cast ;
Has kist her twenty times and more,
And stroak'd her Bubbies half a score.

A Country Girl that stood below,
To the same Tune her sighs let flow ;
Oh help me to a lumping Prize,
To shine in my dear *Dicky's* Eyes :

With-

Without the Pence, alas poor Nan,
I fear thou'lt dye, and ne're taste Man.

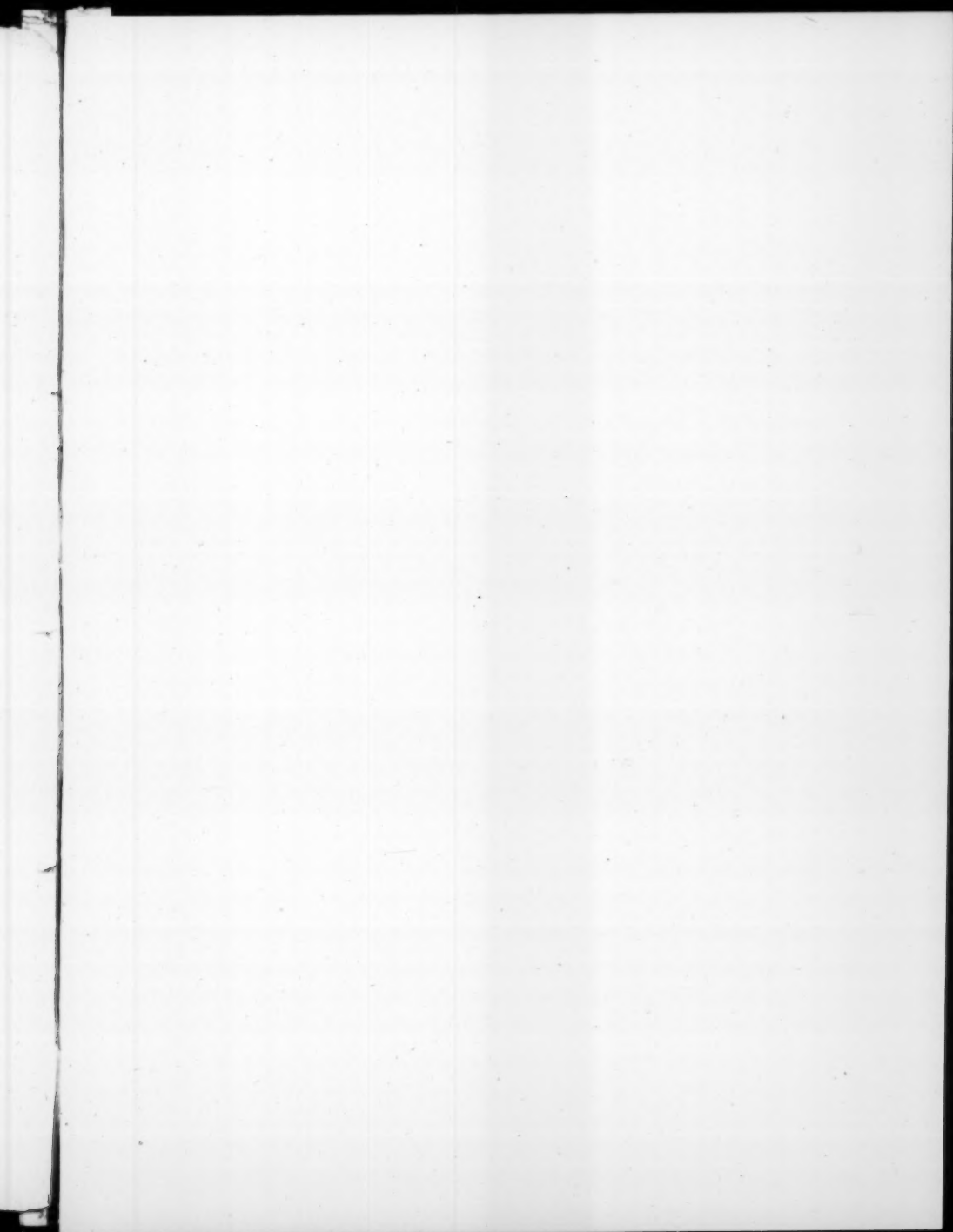
Amongst the wishing longing Fair,
Some at their first, some their last Prayer,
Whether for Husband or for Spark,
Still that dear Creature Man's the Mark :
So went for Three fair Thousand pound
The soft Ejaculations round.

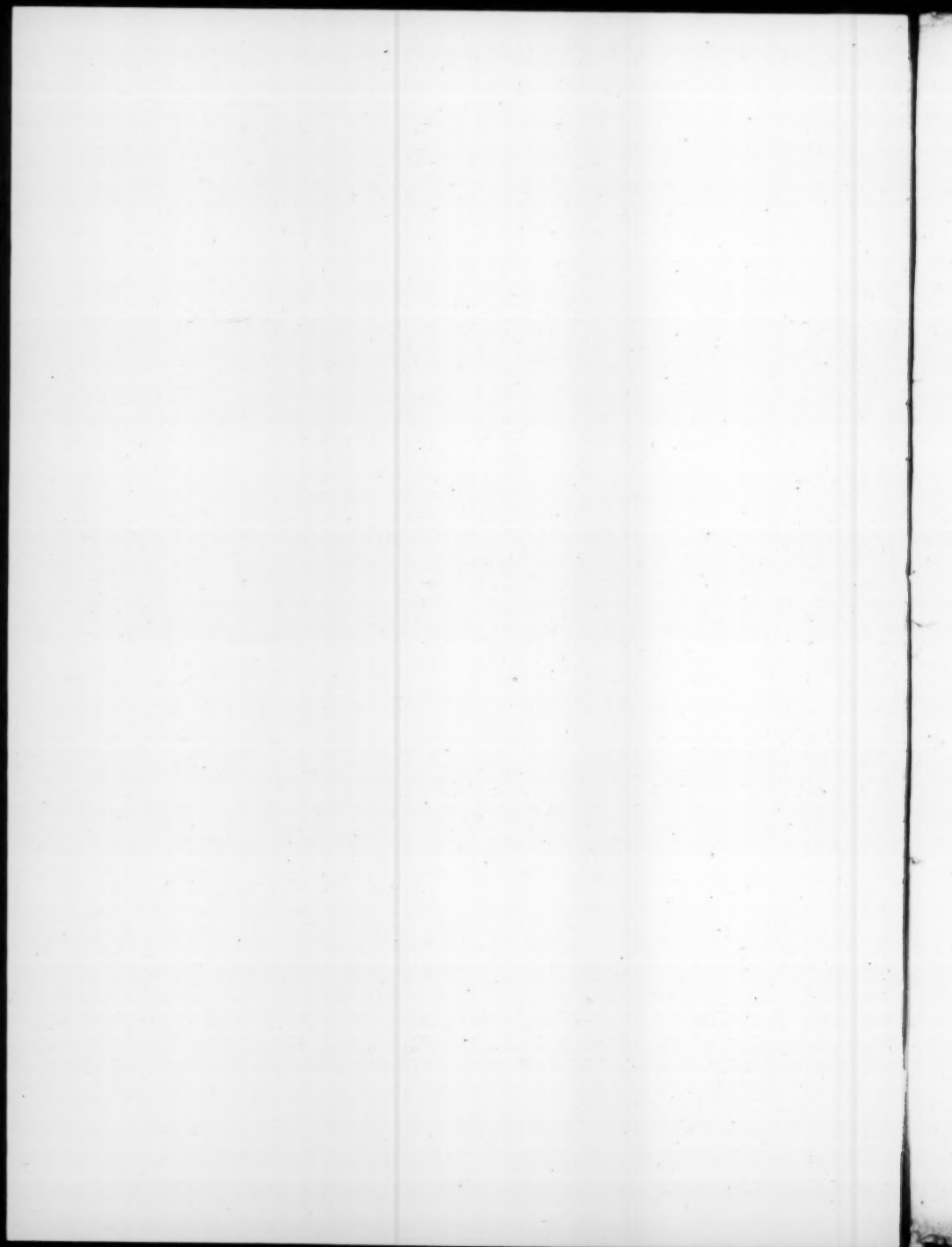
Nor do the Witty, Young, and Fair,
Joyn only in the general Prayer :
Wrinkles and Furrows, Age and Crutches,
Want the great Prize too in their Clutches.
A Beldam, who from Pouch, God wott,
Had dropt an Angel for a Lot,
More Shillings than sh' had Teeth, Heav'n knows,
Tho' one a Colts one, under Rose,
On Marrow-bones devoutly humbles,
And her first morning Dirge she mumbles,
Both her dry fists to Heav'n up lifts ye,
To Beg great Prize : And near twice Fifty,
Hopes in meer Charity 'twill come,
To buy new Coral for old Gum ;
A sum will purchase Husbands plenty,
And get a Boy of five and Twenty.
For what though Blind, Lame, Halt and Cripple,
No Teat so old but has a Nipple.

But to leave Ache, Disease, and Wrinkles,
That snuff of Life in Socket twinkles ;
And to return to th' Fair and Young,
The sweeter subject of our Song.

Some of their weaker Faiths that dare
 Not altogether trust to Prayer,
 Resolv'd the Planets to inlook :
 To read their **Doom**, in Fares high Book,
 Who but great *Partridge* should they follow,
 That Modern Oracle of *Apollo*.

Two *Exchange* Fillies, more particular,
 To that Great Sage made plaints *Auticular* ;
 And gain'd those wonderful Predictions
 From Stars too high, for Lyes or Fictions,
 That instantly the high flown Tits
 Threw off their Suitors, sneaking Cits ;
 Left the poor Rogues to Hemp or Willow :
 Their Heads disdain'd so poor a Pillow.
 Down from their Garrets, three full Story,
 To Lodgings Rich, in Pomp and Glory,
 They made their Entry in full State :
 So Cocksure of their golden Fate,
 Disdain'd to dine in less than Plate.
 And when in their sublimer Dreams,
 Their Contemplations glittering Themes,
 Visions of Love appear before us,
 (Love of all Joys fills up the Chorus)
 They scorn the Thought of Servants humbler
 Than Quality with Steeds and Rumbler.
 Or if by chance they stoop so low
 To think of Cit born Veins, or so ;
 The least will pin upon their sleeve
 Must be that paltry Thing, a Shr——





But what if that dire Chance betide 'em,
 That this Gold shour should fall beside 'em.
 If they e're live to see that Loss,
 That too unhappy Weeping Cross ;
 Yet their great Prophet's not mistaken ;
 Though they lose Theirs, he saves his Bacon.
 Infallible Prediction's meant not
 But only, if our Sins prevent not.
 Poor Things, some Frailties sad mis-hap
 Can only make it miss their Lap.

But, Ladies, above all the Rest
 Twelve Damsels of St. *Dustans-West*,
 The plain Domesticks of the Kitchin,
 To get a Prize felt that strange itching ;
 In a close Cellar-Consult got,
 They club'd their Stocks to buy a Lot ;
 Ten Pence a piece made just ten Shilling :
 Though Purse is weak, yet Flesh is willing.

Now for the Masculine Devotion—
 Their Pulses too beat the same motion.
 Here you might see a Father *Gripe*
 Shrug up, and his Mustachios wipe ;
 Fortune, he thinks, in Duty bound,
 To lot him one poor Thousand Pound ;
 As, Dirt to Dirt, oblig'd at least
 To fill him one more Iron Chest.

There a Young Heir implores the Bliss :
 Begs the great Prize to keep a *Mis*.
 If his soft Prayer propitious Heaven hears,
 Cares not if Daddy lives these seven Years.

A *POET* too, (by chance God won,)
 Had rais'd the sum to buy a Lott.
 Thinks one Great Prize worth twenty *Bays* :
 To *Fortune* too would Altars raise ;
 Only th' unhappy Name of *Witt*,
 He was afraid would spoil his Hit :

For Fortune, by her constant Rules,
Is only bound to favour *Fools*.

But of this vast prize-gaping Host
The *Beaus* and *Lovers* make the most :
To any other Interests move
There's Twenty want it all for Love :
Some to buy *Hackney* Milk, and some
For *Milchers* of their own at Home.

In short, the mighty Goddess *Fortune*,
Such contradicting Vows Importune,
Her Deity with Devotion hug'd,
This way and that way pull'd and tug'd,
Her Ears on every side so lug'd.
For all Hopes seem'd : not one stood Barren ;
Whilst Prayers crost Prayers like Hares in Warren.

Another sort with Prayers most hearty,
Were bribing Fortune to their Party,
(In hopes to fix her slippery Deity,)
By wondrous promis'd Feats of *Piety*.
One, if to him the great Prize falls,
Will build a Pillar of *St. Paul's*.

Another Zealous *Ananias*,
To spend no less in Uses pious,
If t' his Saint-Hand, the Lot assurses,
He'll found a Meeting-House for B——

A roring Royster that stood near him,
And hap'd by chance to over-hear him,
What means (quoth Spark) the canting Wigion ;
Wouldst thou Court Fortune with Religion ?
Hast not thou learnt, a Fop so Old,
That *Pluto* is the God of *Gold*.
And Sin and Wickedness good store,
Are the best Beggars at his Door ?
If hopes of speeding were to *Pray* for't,
Oons, man, I'de take a wiser way for't ;
Promise and Vow, 'twixt Mad and Drunk,
To spend it all on *Wine* and *Punk*.

The Saint held up his Hands, and blest him:
 Nay, and 'tis thought (that Fright possess him)
 He had *cross'd* himself: only 'twas *Popish* ;
 And for that Cause not quite so modish.
 A Jovial Lad (who ill could spare it,
 When pinch'd from Bottle, Friend, and Claret)
 Pay'd for ten Tickets Angels ten,
 I hopes of vast Returns agen.
 And when the sober crowd of wise ones
 Were paying Fortune their Orisons ;
 He scorn'd to bend a Knee before her,
 That sickle Gypsy's blind Adorer :
 In her whole Wheel defyed each Spoke,
 Resolv'd a Heavenly Power t'invoke,
 T' Implore the mighty God of *Bub*.
 Her titterish *Ball*! no, his sound *Tub*.
 If the great Lot falls to his share,
 He swears by *Bacchus* he'll repair
 The barbarous *Lewis* only shame,
 The burning *Heydelburgs* dire Flame ;
 Refoun'd at his own proper Cost
 The *Tun* that Conflagration lost.

But now to come to dire Conclusion,
 And paint the Phyzes of Confusion :
 T' a brace of hundreds and a half,
 That only have the luck to laugh ;
 No less then nine and Forty Thousand,
 Seven Hundred Fifty Gapers cozen'd,
 What Grins, Good L——d, and what Grimaces
 Was there in all those losing Faces.

Here you might hear a whole half hundred,
 With a loud Peale of Curses thundred,
 Death ! (they all cry.) The happy Nick,
 Drawn by a Fortunate Sir *Dick* !
 Falln to a Man of Wealth and Honour !
 Fortune the Jilt, a Pl—— light on her.

A sum enough for the preserving
Half a score Honest Lads from starving.

Some losing Gaiſters ſwore and damn'd.
Lott'ry I was cr: the World ſo ſha'n'd !
From *Venice*, with a Pox ! brought o're
From the damn'd *Babylonian* Shore !

Deſign'd, moſt certain, for our Ruin :
For the poor Proteſtants undoing:

A *Papiſh-Plot*, they all declare it ;
Nor doubt but the Great O—— can ſwear it.

But above all, a Country Fellow ;
Who had ventur'd brace of Tens in Yellow ;
And travell'd twice ten long Deep Mile.
Through Thick and Thin, o're Hedge and Stile,
To ſee ſweet Fortune kind and Frank ;
Zooks, when he found his hopes all *Black*,

Had chi but loſt it at *All-Vours*,
(Cryes Lout) 'mongſt honeſt Country Bores,
Chi had not cared one ſingle Farthing ;
Chi'd had good Bub then int' hard Bargain ;
But here chi've made a woful Bout on't :
A mon can't wet his Whiſtle out on't :
Nor de'el one thonk your *Porter-Gram*
Will con a mon for all that ſum.

But, oh, my Maſters, what ſurprize,
It's penitential Beauteous Eyes ;
So many Fair Expectants cheated,
And all their amorous hopes defeated,
What Pencil, Reader, muſt I borrow,
To draw that naked Face of Sorrow ?
All the True Colours ſhould I lay on,
I hazard more than old *Adcon*.

No, Ladies, not t' incurre your Frown,
Nor his hard forked Doom pull down ;
The bold Adventure Ile give o're :
Put on your Masks, Ile ſee no more.

F I N I S.

